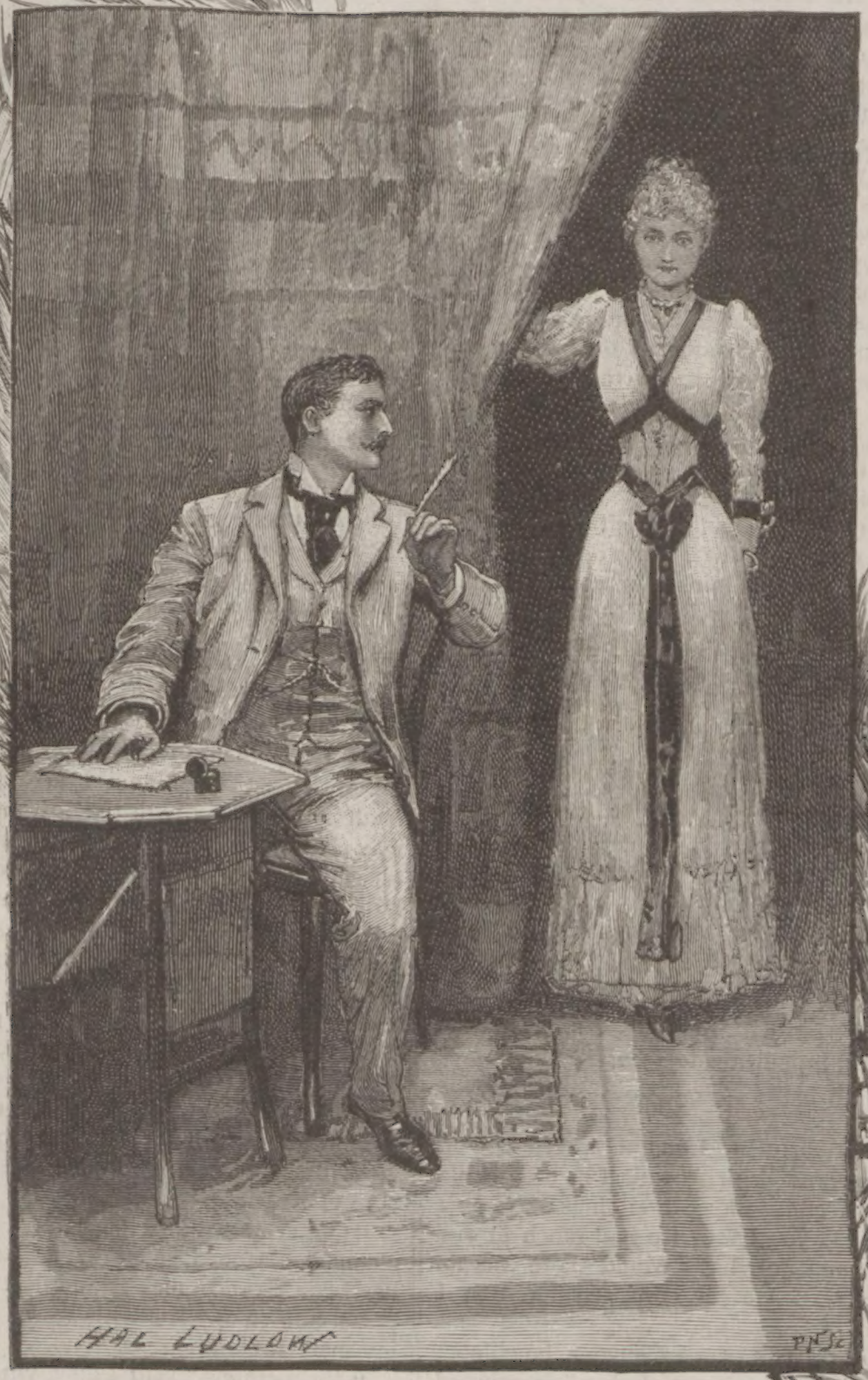
THROUGH LIFE'S SHADOWS.

BY ELIZA F. POLLARD,

Author of "Robert Aske," "Not Wanted," etc.



"A penny for your thoughts, doctor." *p.* 50.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRIENDSHIP.

Cairo, December, 18—.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Your last letter was as unsatisfactory as the previous one. It is now nearly six months since I heard from Ruth. I was, of course, at first willing to believe that letters had miscarried, but I can no longer do so, and as you are yourself unable to tell me where Ruth and her sisters have removed to, I have ceased writing. I shall never believe Ruth has broken off from me of her own free will, and you need not for one moment think I have given her up, only I am powerless at the present moment. When once free again, I will leave no stone unturned to find her. Now we will speak of other things. My patient continues to improve, his bones are gaining strength, he can stand alone, and even move about the room, helping himself by the furniture. He is a wonderfully nice little chap, and, when he is fairly well, as

merry as a cricket. I am growing very fond of him, and his devotion to me is unbounded. I am now very hopeful as far as he is concerned, and fully believe he will, in time, outgrow his weakness, and though he may never be a very strong man, he will live to enjoy life. He is a most extraordinarily good and patient child, and a born artist. Some of his sketches are wonderful. He copies everything he sees; of course he is quite untaught, but if his health continues to improve, his father has promised him to winter next year in Italy, where he will be able to have good masters. Mr. Ruthven is kindness itself. We have everything that money can procure. I have my own horse here, and ride every day either alone or with Mr. and Miss Ruthven. The latter is creating quite a sensation here, as, indeed, she does everywhere. I should think she counted her offers of marriage by the score; on board the ship she had adorers alike amongst the passengers and officers. She is certainly very fascinating; I cannot quite make out whether she is a consummate coquette or simply indifferent. One thing is certain, she treats them all alike. To me personally she is charming; at first we were, for some unknown reason, antagonistic; indeed, for several weeks after we started we never got beyond the most ordinary courtesies of life, "Good morning," "Good evening," and so on, but now that is changed, and we are good friends. I think she is relieved to find some one who does not make love to her and exhaust himself in compliments; she told me as much the other day. So by all this you will judge that we are a very contented family party. Give my love to mother and all the young ones, and believe me, my dear father,

Your affectionate son,

CLEMENT MORGAN.

He laid down his pen, leant back in his chair, and ruminated.

"A penny for your thoughts, doctor," said a merry voice, and looking up he met Daisy Ruthven's laughing eyes. He shook his head.

"To you, at least, they are not worth a penny," he answered, smiling.

"How can you tell that?" she asked, throwing herself into a rocking-chair. "It's a hot afternoon, I have nothing to do, and am, therefore, proportionately dull."

"You dull?" said Clement; "and where are all your adorers?"

She twisted her pretty curly head round, and looked at him. "Gone," she answered, with a comical sigh of satisfaction. "Major Grant and Johnny Stebbings have just taken themselves off. Do you know we had lunch at one—it is now nearly four, and do what I would there was no getting rid of them before. Are you surprised now that I feel low?"

"No, not by any means," answered Clement, laughing.

"You have been writing to your father," continued Daisy. "Have you told him how well Cyril is, and how happy we all are, thanks to you?"

"Yes, I have told him," answered Clement.

"Are you happy?" she asked.

"Why do you ask?" answered Clement. "Does it strike you I am anything else?"

"Yes, it does," she said, almost shyly, and yet with a certain determination. "Something has gone wrong with you lately; I wish you would tell me. Please don't think me rude or curious; but we owe so much to you, and I know you did not like coming with us, because you were engaged to be married, and it must seem hard to have no one to speak to, but just to keep it all shut up in your own heart. I wish I had known the girl who is to be your wife, we might have been friends, she and I, and then we could have talked about her."

"You are very kind," said Clement, "but I should be sorry to trouble you with my affairs."

"It would be no trouble, and then"—she hesitated for a moment, and the tears sprang to her eyes—"I should like to help you, if you would only let me, if you would only tell me how? I did not like you at first, but you have been so patient and unselfish to Cyril. Won't you let me be your friend, doctor? It is so pleasant to think you can never worry me as other men do, but that we can be just simply friends."

"Very pleasant," said Clement, smiling, "from the very novelty. You must almost wonder how I have resisted your enchantments."

"I know you cared for another girl," said Daisy. "Now tell me about her." It was said so coaxingly, and she lay back in her rocking-chair, and looked at him with such winning eyes, that Clement felt irresistibly driven to comply with her request. Moreover, his heart was sore; it was a relief to meet with sympathy.

"What can I tell you?" he said.

"Her name first," said Daisy, softly.

"Ruth Oliphant," replied Clement, and, as he uttered the name for the first time for so many months, he felt strangely moved. "I have known her all her life, and it was an accepted fact in both families that we should be married as soon as I had a home to offer her. The Oliphants were supposed to be enormously rich, but Mr. Oliphant speculated, was bankrupt, and died of the shock. Then my father insisted upon my giving up Ruth. I refused, and your father offered me my present position. I accepted, to save money, and Ruth and I parted with the full understanding that nothing was changed between us, our marriage was only put off for the time. I heard from her twice during the first three months of our absence, but for the last six months she has been silent; she and her sisters have disappeared from London, and the last letter I wrote was returned through the dead letter office. My father assures me he has done his utmost to trace them, but has failed to do so."

"Hoping all the time to fail," said Daisy, with a knowing little shake of the head. "Well, doctor, here at Cairo we can't do much, but, if Cyril is well enough, we may, perhaps, be able to spend part of the summer in England, and then we will see. Set a woman to find a woman. You are quite sure of Ruth?"

"Quite," answered Clement. "Ruth is not likely to change; oh, no, I see how it has all been managed, she has been given to understand that she was injuring my prospects, and so she has withdrawn. My father is set upon my marrying an heiress."

"Me, perhaps," said Daisy, with a little laugh. "Never mind, I'm quite accustomed to that sort of thing, it need make no difference between us. I tell you frankly, I have never yet seen the man I should care to marry. I love my father and Cyril, they could not do without me, nor I without them; time enough when Cyril is strong and well for me to think of marrying. I have more money than is good for me in the matrimonial market, even as your Ruth has too little. I'm not a socialist, still I could find it in my heart to wish things were more equally divided. But from henceforth we are friends, doctor; you can just say a word or two to me about Ruth sometimes, when you're dull, and when a man bothers me rather too much you can come to

my rescue; so we shall render each other mutual help and comfort." And she sprang up lightly, holding out her hand in token of good fellowship. Clement shook it heartily. His own nature was essentially sympathetic, and the silence and comparative solitude of the last few months had oppressed him. His love for Ruth was very true and earnest, and more than once he had been tempted to throw up his engagement, and go home in search of her; but the folly of so doing was obvious. "She is acting under pressure now, once I am on the spot I shall easily overcome her scruples." Daisy had broken the ice, and from this time forth his spirits rose; he and she became fast friends, and to Mr. Ruthven he was as an elder son. Nothing was done without consulting the doctor. Early in the spring they left Cairo and crossed to Italy—Cyril complained of the heat.

"I really think we might spend a few months in England," Clement said, "if you could find a thoroughly comfortable house with grounds. The change would do him good."

"It will do us all good," said Daisy, "and I shall get some riding. You'll buy two or three horses, father? Oh, how I long for a good gallop—don't you, doctor?"

"I have not indulged much in horse-riding," answered Clement, "but I long for a game of cricket and a pull down the river."

"You shall both be satisfied. I'll write to an agent to-morrow," said Mr. Ruthven, and he left the room. They neither of them guessed that his chief thought was, "If only those two would fall in love with each other!" On the contrary, Daisy clapped her hands, and laughing said,

"Now for it, doctor, shall you find her or shall I?"

"*I* ought to, if it be true that love is the best guide."

"We shall soon see," said Daisy.

"What are you both so eager to find?" asked Cyril.

"Something the doctor lost, a very beautiful jewel," answered Daisy; "only mind you must not tell father or any one, Cyril, he and I have a wager as to which of us shall find it."

"Oh, I guess you will, Daisy, if you have set your heart upon it, you are so sharp!" said Cyril.

"I mean to," she answered, nodding; "and when it is found I shall only hand it over to you, doctor, on certain conditions."

"I will accept it at your hands, let the conditions be what they may," answered Clement.

"I will remember that," said Daisy, significantly.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

"RUTH, what have you done? Where have you been?"

And Theresa rose from her arm-chair and stood in the middle of the room to receive Ruth, who entered with her hat still on, and a large parcel in her hand. She was looking very white and tired, but her eyes were bright, and there was something almost triumphant in her manner.

"I have been to London," she said, sitting down, and throwing off her hat. "It has been a hot and dusty journey; before I answer your questions further, will you give me a cup of tea?"

Her sister made an impatient movement, but nevertheless went to the tea table, and pouring out a cup, brought it to Ruth.

"Thank you," she said, and without paying any apparent attention to Theresa's evident impatience, she drank it. Then putting the cup down she said, "I have been to London as you know, Theresa; I have returned that money you gave me to Dr. Morgan, and I have told him I will make no promise concerning Clement; that I look upon myself as his promised wife, and that I shall certainly not take back my troth."

"You did that, knowing that we are penniless, and that without the pittance Dr. Morgan gave us we must starve? You are a wicked girl," said Theresa.

"Not as long as I have hands to work shall you starve, Theresa," answered Ruth, "but my honour is my own, you have no right to barter it."

As she spoke she drew out her purse, emptied it on the table, and pushing the contents towards her sister, said, "That is more than you gave me, and it is my own, my very own. I have sold the jewels I had from our mother, and all my father ever gave me, and besides I have work, plenty of work—look here." With nervous fingers she undid a parcel and showed fine materials and patterns for children's clothes; then she opened another, containing paints, pencils, models, and some dozen small cards. "This is a commission," she said, "on trial; if it proves satisfactory I shall have fresh orders."

Theresa burst out laughing. "And you imagine we can live on that, you little stupid?"

Ruth was tired. She had been four days in London, and the physical and mental strain had been great. She had trodden her pride under foot, had sought out an old schoolfellow, through whom she had obtained introductions, had sold her jewels, and paid the premium necessary before work could be entrusted to her. Without hesitation, with all the energy of an upright, loving nature she had accomplished all this. In her own mind she had drawn out the line of conduct she had intended to pursue towards Clement; virtually she would give him up, but not to the world nor to herself; she would drop out of his life, leave him free, while she herself remained bound. Whether he would profit by that freedom was a matter which she left to the future to decide. If he found her, and finding loved her still, then she knew only too well what she should do! But that mocking laugh, that sneering "You little stupid," had given her a shock. She broke down, and with a plaintive cry of "Oh, Theresa," burst into tears.

In a second she felt two arms passed round her, and a kind voice saying, "Come away, dear; you have acted bravely and truly, and God will help you. Excuse me, Miss Cox, I am an elderly woman, and as such am warranted in saying you ought to be ashamed of yourself." Having thus expressed her feelings, Miss Lister half carried Ruth out of the parlour to her own quarters, and placing her in an arm-chair, left her. She returned in a few minutes with a tray, upon which was a dainty little supper of poached eggs and fresh milk.

"Oh, how good you are to me," said Ruth.

"And yet you can't obey me," said Miss Lister reproachfully. "I told you not to tell your sister what you had done; that her innate selfishness would prevent her understanding your motives; that as long as you provided them with the necessaries of life they would not inquire where the money came from; but that if your sister imagined the supply would fail, then, and then only she would blame you. You see I was right."

"They shall lack for nothing," said Ruth, "if I work my fingers to the bone;" and from that day the battle for life began for her. By night and by day she worked. Sometimes the first rays of morning crept through the little attic window when Ruth laid her work down, and threw herself on her bed to snatch a couple of hours sleep. So weary was she often that she did not notice Ann Lister step lightly in the room, take up the half-made frock or pinafore,

and sitting down, continue what she had left unfinished. When she awoke, the room was empty, and at first she thought she had made a mistake, but gradually her eyes were opened, and she knew who was her good fairy. Only a few words passed between the elderly lady and the young girl, but the link grew daily stronger between those two. As the winter crept on, Ruth's Christmas cards, painted delicately, and many of them designed by herself, were in great demand, and she also obtained orders from a London shop for painted panels. The remuneration was not large, but Ann Lister was a rare housekeeper, and she so contrived that there should be enough, and to spare. Theresa and Maria lived alone, not inquiring how their daily food came to them—that was Ruth's business; she had thought proper to throw away their income and she was bound to provide another. But Ruth was very young, and Ann Lister saw with alarm, as the winter broke, and spring began to brighten the earth, when the primroses and the violets grew in profusion by the highways and hedges, and the song of birds gladdened the ear and heart of man, that Ruth was changed. A great lassitude seemed to have crept over her; her figure drooped, and a sort of wistful look came into her eyes as if she had hoped for something which had not come to her. Gladly Ann would have bidden her rest from her labour, but she dared not—it was daily bread. The two sisters remained passive spectators.

"It is her own fault," Theresa remarked once. "She has but to give up her lover and Dr. Morgan will make us a handsome allowance. She'll tire of it some day and give in."

"She'll sooner die," said Ann, turning away in disgust.

Whether or no it was the continuous fretting, or the want of the many luxuries she had been so long accustomed to, Maria certainly became weaker and weaker; she refused to see the village doctor, and it was impossible to have her old physician from London.

"What can I do?" said Ruth in despair. "If we had remained in London I should have earned double. I do all I can, but it is almost a favour to have work sent down to the country."

"You could not do more than you do," said Ann. "Mr. Willis is as clever a man as any in the country and he'd come for nothing. If she will not see him it is no fault of yours."

And Ruth, feeling herself powerless, could only acquiesce. She had no time, happily, to think how dreary her life was. If she did pause sometimes, it was when the thought of Clement became too imperative, the longing for the sound of his voice, the pressure of his hand, almost more than she could bear.

"And they would have me give him up," she murmured; "as if I could. If he were but to stretch out his hand and beckon to me from the other end of the world I should go to him; but I will not injure him. I am waiting; when the time comes I know he will find me; he told me to trust him, and I will." And then her courage came back, and she returned to her task. She was walking in the shadow as so many of us do, but when she looked upwards she saw in the far horizon the star of hope. How gladly she greeted every recurring Sunday, when the peal of bells from the old Norman turret rang forth, summoning the villagers from far and near to worship where their fathers and forefathers had congregated for centuries. Very proud were the inhabitants of L—— of their peal of ten bells; of their old Norman castle, with its moat and drawbridge, grey relics of ancient times, when the Norman conqueror first held sway in the land; and every evening when the curfew bell rang out, Ruth thanked God for guiding her steps to this quiet village, and raising up for her in her time of trouble such a friend as Ann Lister.

It was a still summer's evening, about the middle of June. Ann Lister and Ruth were returning through the village from evening service, silent and somewhat oppressed, because in the morning Maria had had a succession of fainting fits which had alarmed them all, and as she still refused to see the village doctor the responsibility weighed heavily on Ruth.

"Have you heard 'The Folly' is let," said Ann, more by way of saying something than because the subject really interested her.

"Indeed," answered Ruth. "To whom?"

"I did not catch the name," replied her companion; "but apparently they must be very rich people, for carriages and horses came down last night from London, and a whole establishment of servants; rooms have been taken at the Castle Inn for some of the men, as there is not sufficient accommodation at 'The Folly.' The family is not expected till the end of next week."

"Ah, well, I do not suppose it will make much difference to us," said Ruth, as she pushed open the wicket-gate leading into the front garden of the old farm-house.

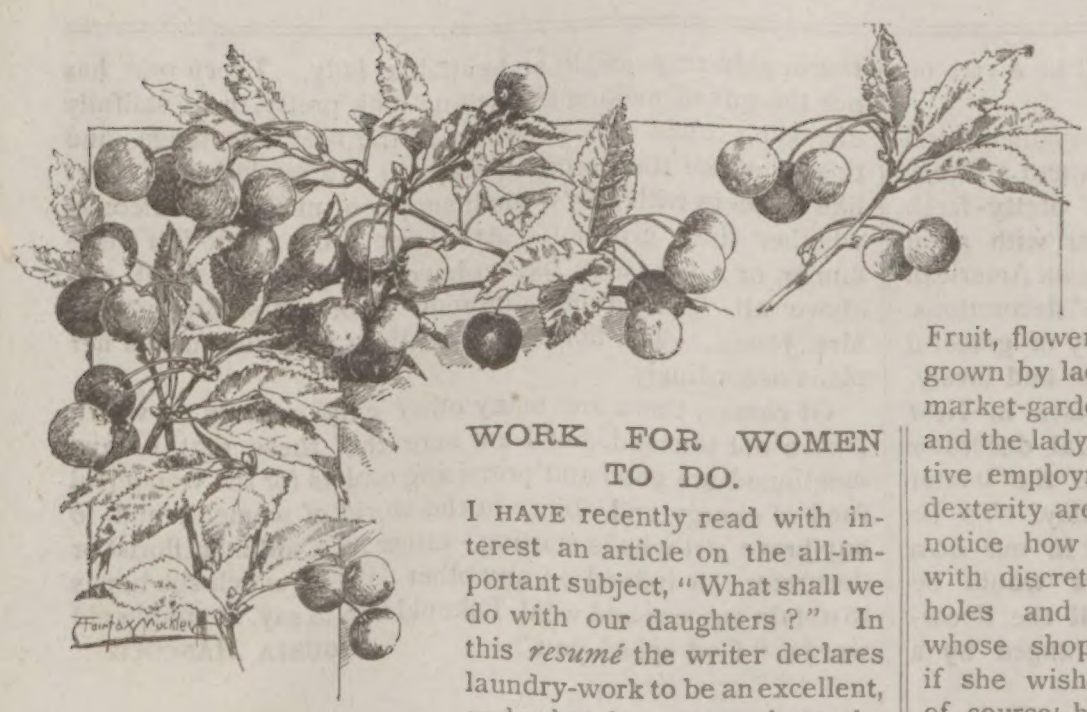
A sweet scent of roses, jasmine, and all manner of flowers greeted them.

"Ah, you are very happy," she said, stopping and laying her hand caressingly on Miss Lister's; "you have no needs which you cannot supply. I wish we were the same, but the deprivation of wealth renders my sisters' lives intolerable to them. It does seem hard."

"It is not the actual loss of money which makes them unhappy, my dear," answered Ann; "but their pride and their want of submission to God's will."

And Ruth knew she said truly, and then a great fear crept over her. The loss of wealth was as nothing to her, "but if Clement forsake me how shall I bear it?" Love was more to her than gold or precious things.

(*Continued on page* 65.)



WORK FOR WOMEN TO DO.

I HAVE recently read with interest an article on the all-important subject, "What shall we do with our daughters?" In this *resumé* the writer declares laundry-work to be an excellent, and what is very much to the point in this nineteenth century, a profitable employment for ladies, and I may mention that the talented editor of "Golden Gates" shares in these ideas. As John Strange Winter observes, laundry-work—the getting-up of fine laces and dainty articles of feminine, and also masculine, attire, is a task that is most suitable to a woman's fingers. Moreover it is clean, healthy, and not very heavy work, and—a great point in its favour—does not require much capital to start with. The lady-decorator, too, is a person who needs only to be known to be appreciated. She arranges the plate, menu-cards, etc., of dinner-tables with charming taste and ingenuity, and takes a world of trouble off the shoulders of the hostess and party-giver, whose mind is distracted by a thousand other cares and worries. But there are more than these employments opening out for our girls now-a-days, and it is of these that I wish particularly to speak. The lady-milliner is well known in London, at any rate, and I feel that society owes much to the energy of Lady Granville Gordon, who was the pioneer of the "bonnet-shop" movement, and who, I am glad to say, did remarkably well in her enterprise. Millinery is not a difficult accomplishment to those who have an artistic taste and a light, graceful touch. Many women, and girls too, can put together their own bonnets, and very dainty little productions they often are! Why, then, should they not make similar pretty *chapeaux* for other people, and reap the fruits of their skill and industry? If one or even two girls took a shop and commenced operations, the "business" part of the undertaking would have to be learnt it is true, and, doubtless, would prove a difficulty; but, as there is no royal road to anything, it would simply have to be faced and overcome with innate British perseverance. A boy friend declares, "You must have a bit of pluck if you want to get on." Of course you must.

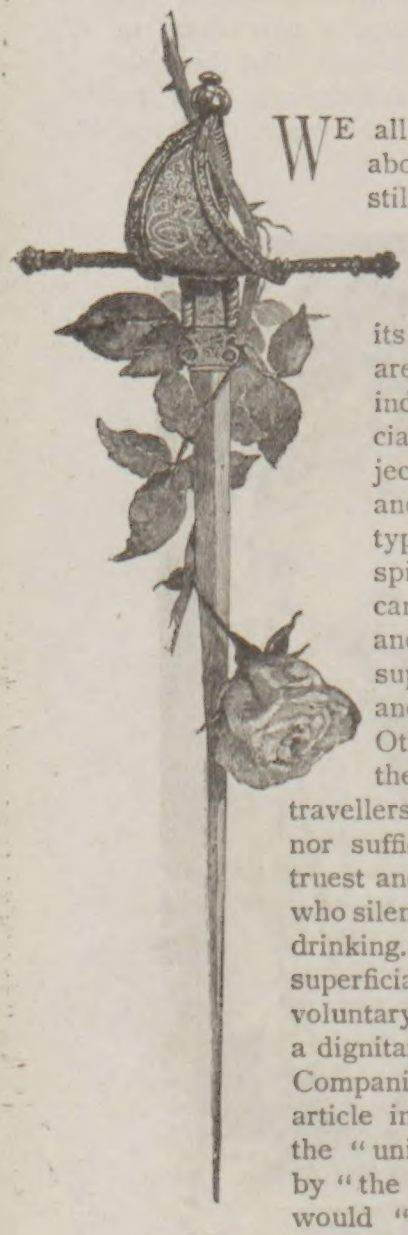
But, turning from lady-milliners with their wares of lace, and chiffon and delicately-tinted blossoms, let us go to the beauties of nature and consider the vocation of the lady-gardener. That there is a future for such a person, I am sure; and Miss Harriman, who has opened grounds at Harrow-on-the-Hill, thinks so too. Here she trains girls to work and delve, to be real downright gardeners, in fact, and very clever and skilful they become. She is sure that good appointments can be obtained for them by and by, when they are perfect in their art, and understand all its branches. And for those who wish to set up in business, there is also a fine opening; all kinds of produce can be sold if sent to the London market, and at very good prices too. Miss Harriman has carefully thought out her plans, and matured them, and her venture is proving very successful. I am truly glad to hear there are many ladies who, in their country homes, do a great deal of gardening. Why, then, should this not be turned to advantage? Fruit, flowers, vegetables, all can be grown, and are being grown by ladies, with wonderfully good results. From the market-garden to the florist's shop is only a short distance, and the lady-florist has found out what a pleasant and lucrative employment hers is. Here, as in millinery, taste and dexterity are the essential qualities, and it is wonderful to notice how far a few flowers can be made to go if used with discretion and care. Pretty bouquets, dainty button-holes and posies, are the wares of the lady-florist, whose shop must be in a good quarter of the town, if she wishes to have a high-class trade. Her rent is of course high, but so are her profits, if she is careful and industrious, and can infuse some *personality* into her productions. A fresh idea in posies, a new thing in button-holes will "catch on" like wildfire! All the girls will want that "love of a bouquet," and the men will be eager to look as smart as their friend who wears the latest

Our Lady Fruit-growers.

style of button-hole; consequently, there will be a run on the lady-florist's shop.

As I am on the subject of flowers, let me say that floral decorators are often in requisition now-a-days, and are very useful members of society. Arranging the pretty fresh blossoms is always a pleasant task, and I hear with great interest of the continued success of Miss Bates, an American *flower-artist*, if I may use the word, whose decorations, designed by herself, and carried out by a bevy of graceful maidens with white caps and aprons, are unique and lovely, and may be seen in some of the grandest houses in New York. Even on a much smaller scale the floral decorator may find plenty of employment, especially in the winter season when parties are the order of the day. To be practical, how useful would such a lady be in our own town, and how many intending party-givers would be delighted to know that for a reasonable fee all the decorations would be artistically and charmingly arranged by a thoroughly responsible and capable lady. Every one has not the gift of making everything look pretty, or of skilfully disposing buds and blossoms to the best advantage, and this is where the decorator steps in and works such fairy-like wonders with only a small supply of material! People, whether they give an "At Home," or a modest little dinner, or a big party, like to have pretty things about, and above all, "something different" from Mrs. Brown's, or Mrs. Jones'. The floral artist realizes this, and makes her plans accordingly.

Of course, there are many other employments on which I have not touched, but I am sure that these that I have mentioned are good and promising outlets for the wonderful fund of energy and ability in the world of women; and, to any brave girl who is starting—either as a milliner, florist or decorator—or indeed on any other path by which she hopes to obtain success and weal, I should like to say, in simple old words, "God speed you." AUGUSTA HANCOCK.



ORIENTAL CHIVALRY.

WE all think and know a great deal more about India than we used to do. People still living can remember when it was generally only regarded as a vague El Dorado of material wealth, while its vast human interest was ignored and its political significance disregarded. There are still, however, plenty of people who indulge in the most erroneous and depreciatory ideas of their Indian fellow-subjects. Some are misled by the one-sided and prejudiced representations of that type of folk who misrepresent the spirit of Christianity in imagining they can best do it honour by defaming and ridiculing the creeds it comes to supersede, and so end by dishonouring and discrediting the faith they preach. Others, again, have been captivated by the graphic flippancy of writers and travellers, who have not deep enough culture nor sufficiently delicate instincts to reach the truest and best side of these wondering natives, who silently watch their flirtations and their beer-drinking. As an antidote to such bigoted or superficial evidence, it is a treat to turn to the voluntary witness borne by so well established a dignitary as Sir George M. Birdwood, Knight Companion of the Star of India, who in an article in the *Indian Magazine* declares that the "universal and impartial contempt" shown by "the pampered English cockneys in India" would "only be despicable, but for its being so dangerous, and indeed Britain's greatest danger in India."

Sir George Birdwood actually has a good word to say for "caste." He readily admits that "like all other human institutions" it is imperfect, but he declares that "the caste system has saved India not only from our heartless "Poor Laws," "Poor Rates," and "Work-houses," but also from the wanton wastefulness, and in many cases the downright plundering, of the innumerable English public "charities subsisting on private benevolence." He wholly denies that "it dulls the edge of sympathy." But this is because he has not found "caste" to work, in his experience, according to the conventional European belief concerning it. We may be quite sure that no system, in which the good had not *for a long while* overbalanced the evil, could have existed so long and struck so deeply into national existence. Sir George gives three striking instances to vindicate his standpoint.

Caste, be it remembered, appertains to birth, and not to wealth or outward station, against whose arrogance or pretentions it often presents a dignified barrier. Sir George Birdwood himself had a servant, a high caste man, a Rajput. The Rajputs are an aristocratic agricultural race, whose history abounds with chivalrous legend, while to-day they vindicate their lofty descent by leading the van in modern Indian enlightenment, discouraging infant marriage and similar undoubted evils. This Rajput servant would not, under ordinary circumstances, have put himself in any physical contact with his English master. Had Sir George's shadow fallen across his food, he would have thrown it away! "But," says Sir George, "when I was ill of dysentery, he would let no one else attend upon me, and rendered me every service exacted under such circumstances by the most self-sacrificing Christian charity."

His next story is more striking. While Sir George was staying at Matheran, he made the acquaintance of a high caste Hindoo gentleman, the late Sir Munguldas Nathoobhoy. Once, when that gentleman was riding out, he came upon a Chinaman lying by the roadside in the most agonising condition of suffering and squalor, apparently dying of an open ulcer, from which the maggots were crawling forth over his emaciated frame—a veritable summation of the worst horrors of that physical "uncleanness" most abhorrent to the high caste. But this Hindoo gentleman at once descended from his horse, assisted the poor stranger to rise, led him to his own house, and caused him to be attended to there, until he most happily recovered. As Sir George Birdwood remarks—"Instead of doing all this, he might have gone off to the police-station, given notice there, and got the man sent off to be taken care of by the little neighbouring colony of his owr

countrymen, as almost any Englishman would have done," and as, we may add, most Englishmen would have hugged themselves for great humanity in doing! What would have been the fate of such a sufferer in the streets of Christian Chicago or San Francisco? Are there many English nobles who would do likewise for an Asiatic leper?

The last story is picturesque to a degree. It is like a page out of the "Arabian Nights," and makes us understand Sir George's assertion "that only those can rightly realise the life of antiquity who have had the opportunity of observing it as it survives in India." We will tell it in our author's own words.

"Years ago, when in medical charge of a battery of Bombay Artillery, on the march between Sholapore and Poona, near the entrance to a large town we were about to enter, I came upon what seemed to be the lifeless body of a pilfering Mahar, who in some obscure scuffle had had his throat cut, and been left for dead. It was lying by the roadside in the foulest of filth. On my discovery of the body, there was considerable excitement, and presently the Mamlatdar of the place, a Brahman of the noblest aspect and highest refinement of manner, came hurrying out to me, with his posse of police peons and patawalas. I had already begun to wash the man, who, it turned out, was not dead, when to my horror I found that the Mamlatdar, after the first salutations and explanations between us, was about to assist me with his own hands. I vehemently protested, but his simple reply, as he forthwith joined in my most repulsive task, was, "Ceremonial defilement can be washed away by ceremonial purification."

Each of these three men, Sir George explains, would require to expiate his breach of caste rules by purificatory rites of the most trying kind. He sums up his experience to be that "in all the amenities, sympathies, charities, and other good offices of affection, justice, and religion, which according to Christian theologians, make up holy living, I have never known 'man in India,' Hindu or Mohammedan, fall short of Christian Englishmen."

Surely, it is only when we realise how far on the upward way the present creeds of these people have already brought them, that we can hope to draw them towards the joy and strength of the vital and progressive faith of true Christianity!

EDWARD GARRETT.

CLEVER GIRLS.

BY FLORENCE E. BURCH,

Author of "Therefore," "Two Little Fortune-Hunters," etc.

RHODA? Oh! Rhoda's a good darner, and all that sort of thing, but nothing more."

Rhoda's mother had a friend with her whom she had not seen for years—in fact, not since the children were quite little folks; she had been answering a list of questions as to their individual tastes and dispositions.

There was Hilda, the musician of the family.

"Hilda has a charming face," her mother said of her. "Quite the musician's listening expression; just as though she were always hearing lovely melodies."

As to her acquirements, her master was quite proud of her. Her touch was something ravishing; her execution——

"But you must hear her presently."

Then there was the artist—Gertrude.

"They tell me that she has the ideal artist's face," the mother said of *her*. "No doubt it must be so. Her pictures are simply exquisite. We are having several of them framed."

Then Phœbe.

Literature was her *forte*. She was a splendid linguist too, and could discourse philology.

"She is immensely thought of," her mother ended up. "No wonder, either. She is always at her books. As to her appearance, her expression is a trifle studious, perhaps; but it becomes her well."

"There is no doubt that character and disposition do mould the face," observed the friend; "as certainly as the prevailing wind will give a tree its poise. But you had another girl?—Rhoda, I think. You have not lost her, surely? What of her?"

For this "line left out" should have been introduced between the musician and the artist, Rhoda being second eldest in the list.

"Rhoda?" was the indifferent rejoinder. "Oh! dear no. What made you think of that? She never has ailed with anything."

"But what of her?" repeated the friend.

"Oh! Rhoda's a good darner, and that sort of thing; but nothing more."

And Rhoda, from her needle-work behind the folding doors, chanced to overhear.

She had overheard, too, what went before. Phœbe was "immensely thought of"; Gertrude's pictures were being framed; Hilda—Rhoda in imagination saw the drawing room full of visitors all hanging on her sister's melody. And then herself. *A good darner, and that sort of thing.* No more. A hard worker, in other words, with a plain, hard-working face; for her mother's friend had said that no doubt disposition moulded face.

She had known it all quite well before; only it made the fact a little worse to bear, to hear it told out boldly to a stranger so. Ah! well, she was well served for overhearing what was said.

Not that she had intended to eaves-drop. Her mother knew that she was sitting there, and Rhoda had not noticed that the doors were just ajar. But there it was. She *had* overheard—*unfortunately*, some people would have said.

Rhoda crossed the room and closed the doors that she might hear no more; then folded up her work, and with a heavy heart went upstairs to change her dress.

Was it so unfortunate? Perhaps not. There is nothing noble, after all, in having one's head hidden in the sand and fancying other people do not see; but to *know* that one is plain, to *know* that others are more brilliant and sought

"There was Hilda, the musician of the family." p. 55.

out, and steadily to set one's self the task of letting worth make up for lack of beauty, usefulness for brilliancy, that is noble indeed.

And that was the golden opportunity that opened out before poor Rhoda as she stepped up to her glass to look regretfully into the face reflected there.

No; it was *not* unfortunate that she had overheard, for as she shook down her hair and quickly coiled it up again, she grasped the possibility. Before she went downstairs to see her mother's friend, her mind was well made up. The Christ was born in her, the hope of glory—ay, of glory on this earth, as well as in the life to come; for it is those who minister who reign with Him.

"Don't say that Rhoda is good for nothing else but darning," said the friend, as she sat with Rhoda's mother, after all the girls had gone to bed. "A sweeter disposition I have never met. As to her face, it has far more attraction for me than many a more perfectly featured countenance. There's a future before that child."

"I don't depreciate her merits," was the mother's half-apology. "She's a very good girl in her way, I know. But one can't help feeling disappointed that she is so different from the other three."

The time soon came, however, when she had good cause to modify this opinion.

There is nothing like trouble and anxiety to show up character and its true worth. Before the friend had been their visitor a week, the mother was taken seriously ill; and in the dark days following was Rhoda's time to shine.

Hilda's "studies" and sonatas had no place in the sick-room. Gertrude's brushes could not paint the flush of health again on those wan cheeks. Phœbe, with her clever talk and knowledge of philology, was powerless to answer the question that throbbed at the heart of one and all. But Rhoda—patient, gentle Rhoda—no angel of the sick-room could have been more at home in the arduous rôle which the young girl was called upon to play. In concert with her mother's friend, now heart to heart her own, she watched and worked and waited; strong and hopeful, wise and tender, never failing through the trembling of heart or hands, losing sight entirely of self.

"What we should have done without her, I don't know," the friend said, when the cloud was past. "The other girls were worse than useless; they were in the way. I don't know why it should be so, but 'clever girls' are nowhere when you really need a woman's head and heart. Anyhow they must have something else combined with cleverness if they are to be of use."

And Rhoda chanced to overhear again; and looking back to that drear day, six months ago, thanked God.

"Oh, father, would mother say the same?" p. 58.

SQUIRE CAREY'S FORGIVENESS.

A LONG, low white house stands on a knoll in a wooded park. Its shutters are closed, and moss grows on its broad hall doorsteps. The quaintly laid-out garden is a tangle of weeds, and the wrought-iron gate leading from this to the drive is secured by rusty chains. The back of the house, however, bears a different aspect, at least in one wing, which juts out from the main building. Here are signs of life and occupation, a smoothly-cut lawn and a few beds filled with bright flowers.

A little glazed door in the angle of the wing opens, and a tall, white-haired gentleman comes out, crosses the lawn, and takes a little path leading into the avenue, which extends from the chained gate to the road. At the lodge a woman runs out, bobs a curtsey, and opens the lodge gate, receiving a slight nod and "Thank you, Mrs. Spring," in acknowledgment. Another woman is peering through the window curtains when Mrs. Spring goes back.

"La, and to think that that's Squire Carey, and I've bin living in the village three weeks without seeing him afore! He looks glum enough."

"He has been like that ever since his wife died," said Mrs. Spring. "The only son, the young squire that was to be, got into some trouble with bad companions—I don't rightly know what it was—and that broke his mother's heart, they say. Anyway, the Squire shut up the house, every bit that his lady had ever used, and he and Miss Mabel just live in the wing. He won't ever have the other rooms opened, and just goes into them himself once a year."

Mrs. Spring's visitor was round-eyed with interest.

"And where's the young squire now?" she asked.

"Nobody knows for certain. But they do say he's still alive, and ill and poor. The old Squire won't forgive him though. He swears it again every year, when, on the day his lady died, he goes all alone into her room. And his heart gets harder and harder. No matter what trouble there is in the village, nobody would ever think of asking him for help."

"Miss Mabel's good, though, isn't she?"

"Miss Mabel's an angel! She's as kind as her father is hard. But see, there they come back together."

The Squire and his daughter passed through the gate, and walked up the avenue. She was a slight, fair woman, like her father in feature, but with a gentle, timid look in place of his hard expression.

When they were again indoors she knelt by his side as was her wont, and placed her hands half-timidly on his knee.

"Father," she said, "I heard this morning from Rupert's wife."

The father started slightly, and shook off the clinging hand; but Mabel went on.

"She says he is dying; he cannot live more than a few days, the doctors say."

"It is all a pretence to extort money. I tell you once for all, Mabel, *I will never forgive!* Yearly I swear it, on the spot where his mother heard the news of his villainy, and was stricken with death. Let him die too! The earth is well rid of such!"

"Oh, father!" moaned the girl; "would mother, in whose name you still curse him, say the same? Would she not, if she were here, join her prayers with mine, that you should forgive?"

The Squire answered nothing, but leaving his daughter, struck across the park.

It was growing dark now; the sun had set in heavy banks of cloud, and the air was chill. The woods towards which the Squire turned were full of dark and gloomy shadows. Rupert Carey walked on in the growing darkness, full of his own gloomy thoughts.

A light among the trees recalled him; it was from the window of his woodman's cottage.

"I'll go in and speak to Jones about that clump of trees in the hollow," he said.

Jones was proverbially slow of understanding, and an hour or more passed before this and other business was discussed to the Squire's satisfaction.

"You'll let me light you home, sir," said Jones, appearing with a lighted lantern, as the Squire stepped out into the blackness.

"No, thank you," said Mr. Carey, curtly.

"I be agoin' to the village," pursued Jones, misunderstanding his master's objection.

"I am not," and the Squire turned off again in the opposite direction to his home. He could not endure his daughter's pleading voice and reproachful looks; why could she not learn that his prodigal son was dead to him and his forgiveness? As for Rupert's boy—his existence also might be a myth concocted to extort pity and help. Even if he did exist he would be of his father's nature. Why should he disinherit Mabel for the child of a reprobate who had broken his mother's heart? The sins of the father must be visited on the children.

Rupert was dying! Why did he think of that now? This dark wood was full of fancies. There he saw Rupert's face, guileless and laughing as when he was a child. There again he saw it, white and drawn, as when on his knees he had begged that he might look only once on the face of the mother he loved, and beg for her forgiveness. "You have killed her," the father had said; "you shall never desecrate her death-bed with your presence. Go! and my curse be upon you!"

Once more he could see his boy's face, flushed hectic with consumption, marked for death. And who was that bending over him? The mother whom he had so cruelly wronged.

The Squire almost ran from the wood. He breathed more freely when once he was on the open road.

"I am growing morbid," he said, "with Mabel's continual pleading."

The road now skirted a furzy common, one broad expanse of darkness at this hour. At one corner a light gleamed from a solitary cottage, and Carey mechanically turned in that direction.

As he neared the door a girl rushed out.

"Oh, help me, help me! My mother is dying."

Taken by surprise, the Squire followed the girl into the light of the cottage window.

"You are a gentleman. You are the new clergyman," exclaimed the girl. "Oh, thank God."

"I am no clergyman, my girl," said the Squire, but the girl was gone into the cottage. Carey followed. A woman lay upon a bed in the corner; he could see that she was dying. Rapidly he reviewed the situation. There was no clergyman nearer than his own village; before he could go there and return, the woman's life would be gone. Jones the woodman, whose was the nearest house, was himself gone to the village.

Obeying some prompting stronger than his will, the Squire stayed.

The woman on the bed was moaning, and as he bent over her he heard, "I did not forgive her, I did not forgive her. Oh, I cannot die!"

"Pray with her, sir," cried the girl. "Tell her God will forgive her, though she cannot think it. My sister went with bad companions—she stole. Mother would never forgive her, nor take her back; so she went from bad to worse. Now mother cannot believe that she herself will be forgiven. Oh, pray, pray."

Squire Carey never knew how it was, but he found himself on his knees by the bed, and repeating the Lord's Prayer.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that——."

The woman shrieked, "I would not forgive her, I would not forgive her; I cannot be forgiven."

The Squire, kneeling, buried his face in his hands. There was an awful stillness. It was broken by the girl's voice—

"Mother, the good lady told us she died repentant. You will meet her in heaven, and God will let you tell her there how you forgive her. He will forgive you, for you do forgive her, and it is not too late."

"Not—too—late," echoed the woman, and then all was over.

The next day Squire Carey was mounting the creaking stairs of a squalid house in East London. He knocked at a door at the top of the house, and hearing a feeble "Come in," entered.

A man sat, wrapped in a blanket, in an arm-chair. One bony hand clasped that of a woman, who sat weeping by his side, her head on his shoulder. The man looked to the door for an instant as the Squire entered.

"Not another doctor, little woman. They can do me no good, you know, and they must be paid."

The stranger closed the door, and came over to the chair in which the sick man sat, while the woman wiped away her tears and rose.

The sick man began again, "Now, doctor," but his voice died away in one long, sobbing breath of astonishment.

"Father!"

"My son, I have come to ask your forgiveness."

* * * * * *

In the chancel of the old church at Carey, by his mother's side, lies the Squire's only son; and in the curtained pew beyond sit, Sunday after Sunday, his sweet-faced daughter and a curly-haired boy. The old Squire is too feeble to leave the house often, but he has a devoted attendant in the person of a quiet little woman, whom the villagers know as "Mr. Rupert's wife." In the still evenings, before the lamps are lit, they two will sometimes talk of the dead—the mother and the son—and the father will tell how tenderly his mother loved him, and the wife how sincere was his repentance. Then, as the light fades out of the western sky and a silence falls upon them, the old Squire's lips move, and she knows he is praying the old prayer—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

THRIFTY COOKERY.

BY GINA JONES.

Puddings and Pastry.

IT may be considered that the subject now before us requires but little comment. With a popularity unquestionable, and a variety almost unbounded, puddings and pastry might well be left to take care of themselves. But a question frequently put to teachers of cookery is, "Can you tell us a *new pudding?*" showing the anxiety there is for an enlarged range of pudding recipes. It would be well if young girls would thoroughly understand that not in the number of recipes they know, but in the manner in which they can practically carry out their knowledge lies the secret of success in pudding making, as in other branches of the science of cookery.

To commence with *milk puddings*, which are really an important branch of the subject as touching children and invalids so closely. The ordinary British form of rice pudding is excellent, if good milk be used with a small quantity of rice, a sufficiency of sugar, a very small piece of butter, and if the pudding be exposed to gentle heat in the oven for about two hours. There is a fashion among some people to swell the rice in water, then add milk, and one or two eggs, and bake the pudding. Now, a general rule may be laid down for those who desire to have eggs in their milk puddings. The rice should be thoroughly cooked in milk before eggs are added, so that the baking need only be long enough to bring the eggs and milk to the form of a custard. Although rice has but a low value as a nutrient, it is exceedingly useful when taken with milk, and rice is a particularly light and easily digested food. Sago and tapioca also make nice light puddings with milk, but they are not so nourishing as semolina and Florador. The latter is a fancy name given to a preparation of wheat suitable for puddings or porridge. It should be boiled in milk for about five minutes, sweetened and flavoured, and then baked, either with or without the addition of two or three eggs to a quart of milk.

In cases where economy forbids the use of best milk for puddings, it is advisable to add a little fat, butter preferably, or if that cannot be afforded, a little dripping or chopped suet; and if the pudding is eaten hot no unpleasant flavour will be detected. The addition of a little butter to rice pudding must not be regarded as a mere improvement of the taste; it also raises the food value of the pudding, rice being deficient in fat. Batter puddings should be mixed in the proportion of a quarter of a pound of flour to one egg and a half-pint of milk, or of six ounces of flour, one egg, and three gills of milk. The first-named, of course, makes the better and lighter pudding, but the last-named, though the more economical, forms a nice and perfectly palatable pudding. The batter in each case should be allowed to stand, and should then be put into a greased dish and baked in a sharp oven. Care should be taken

that the dish is not too full, space being required for the batter to rise. Macaroni, well cooked with milk, forms an exceedingly nourishing pudding. It should be swelled in milk before cooking; it will absorb a large quantity, and then cook much more easily and satisfactorily. Macaroni, being prepared from a hard wheat rich in gluten, ranks high in food value, though from its closeness of texture it is not so easy of digestion as the other preparations of wheat.

In making plain boiled puddings with flour and suet, it is an improvement to add a few bread crumbs, whether the mixture be required in a mass, as for suet puddings, or to be rolled out as a paste for jam roly-poly; it makes the pastry lighter and shorter without an undue proportion of fat. Suet is the most suitable fat for boiled pastry; it should be very finely chopped and then well mixed, but not rubbed into the flour. All flour puddings should be well cooked, either by being boiled in plenty of water, or steamed, care being taken to keep the water continually boiling, for frequently in steaming puddings young cooks, in the fear of cooking their pudding too fast, go to quite the other extreme and allow the water to stop boiling, and do not keep up a sufficient volume of steam, and a heavy pudding is the consequence. It is generally considered that the pastry for boiled puddings is more easily digested when made with suet, on account of the particles of fat merely being mixed with the flour and not incorporated with it, as is the case when dripping or lard is used.

A good method of using up any stale pieces of bread is to soak them in cold water, and as soon as they are soft to pour off the water and squeeze the bread as dry as possible, then mix it with chopped suet, sugar and raisins, or currants, and a little spice, to each pound of bread using a quarter of a pound of the other ingredients and one egg together with sufficient milk to mix it. Turn it into a greased dish, and bake it for an hour.

A nice plain lemon pudding may be made in the following manner:—Line a pie-dish with paste. Spread a thin layer of lemon marmalade over it. Mix two ounces of bread crumbs, two ounces of butter, and two ounces of sugar together, and put to them the juice and grated rind of a lemon, beat two eggs well, and mix them to the other ingredients, turn them into the dish, and bake in a slow oven one hour.

For a boiled pudding the following answers nicely:—Half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of suet, half a pound of moist sugar, the juice and rind of two lemons; mix these ingredients together, and beat them up with two eggs, turn the mixture into a greased pudding basin, and boil it for two hours.

Jam puddings are favourites with young and old. They may be made in the form of the well-known roly-poly, or in a basin, with layers of paste or of bread crumbs between, the latter being a most useful mode, as it takes only about half the time to cook the pudding, the outer coating of paste being the only part that is in a raw state from the first. Care should be taken that the basin is well filled with bread before the lid of paste is put on, for a neglect of this point sometimes causes the pudding to crack when turned out. Jam sauce is an improvement with a pudding of this kind. And it may also be noticed that layers of bread and jam will serve for this pudding instead of the crumbs; and in this case, of course, the pudding is put together quickly. Nice light puddings are made by placing layers of bread and butter in a greased basin, with or without a little grated cocoa-nut sprinkled between the layers, and a plain custard of milk and eggs flavoured with vanilla poured over the bread. The pudding should then be steamed. A fruit pudding will be sufficiently done in an hour.

Puddings made with treacle or golden syrup are also much liked. It is more economical to have these cooked in basins than in rollers, on account of the treacle boiling out so much into the water when the pudding is merely covered with a cloth. When the treacle is mixed in with the flour and suet, carbonate of soda (in the proportion of a quarter of a teaspoonful to half a pound of flour) may be used in place of baking powder with advantage, and the puddings should be steamed with only a greased paper over them, and very full time allowed for the cooking. A sprinkling of ground ginger and a little chopped lemon-peel are great improvements to puddings and tarts that are made with the various kinds of treacle.

The different sorts of pastry that are made for pies and tarts have each a number of recipes, but roughly they are divided into short crust, flaky, and hot-water crust. Of these three, the first is, perhaps, the most generally useful, as it is the easiest to make, and although by rule it should only be made for fruit tarts, it is frequently prepared for meat pies and patties.

It is important to remember the difference between these three classes of pastry, for many a time have novices in the art of pastry-making found their labours result in a complete failure because they have confused the rules for two different sorts of crust.

The same proportions of butter to flour might be used for either flaky or short crust within certain limits, but it must be remembered that flaky pastry may have more butter in it than short crust. If too much butter is put into the latter the flour and butter rub up into a sticky mass, very difficult to roll out, and very awkward to make up into a tart. A similar result occurs from rolling flaky crust too often or letting it stick to the board for want of flour underneath it. A beginner in pastry-making should remember this distinct fact: Short crust must not be rolled out more than *once*, flaky pastry should be rolled out and folded *four times*.

To make a good short crust for home use take half a pound of flour, four ounces of clarified fat or dripping, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and some cold water.

The flour is first put into a basin, which should be clean, cold and dry. A basin which has just been washed in hot water should be avoided, for everything that tends to make the pastry warm also tends to make it heavy. Then the fat should be rubbed up into the flour with the hands. It is at this point that the paste is apt to get sticky if too much fat is put in. If a richer crust is required, six ounces of butter, or fat, to half a pound of flour may be used, but not more than that. When the fat is nicely rubbed up, the baking-powder should be put in, and, if the pastry is for a fruit tart, a tablespoonful of castor sugar. Then enough water should be mixed in to make a stiff dough, the paste should be turned out on a floured board, and rolled out to the thickness required. It should be about a quarter of an inch thick for a meat pie, and rather less for a fruit tart. A good pinch of salt improves the flavour; if fat is used, it should be put in before the water is added. If the pastry is made with butter, the salt is not usually necessary. This quantity of paste will make a good-sized fruit tart; the amount of fruit required will be two pounds of apples or cherries, or three pints of green gooseberries or raspberries and red currants.

After the fruit is prepared, half fill the pie-dish, then

put in enough moist sugar to sweeten it well (from two to four teaspoonfuls), then pile up the rest of the fruit on it. Wet the edge of the dish, and place some strips of paste on it, but do not push them down into the fruit, they get so sodden in the juice. Then wet the top of the strips with more cold water, and lay the top of the tart on, trim the edges and notch them with the back of the knife. It is not a good plan to press down the edges with a fork, it makes the paste hard and prevents it rising. If the full quantity of the fruit is not obtainable, a little cup or an egg-cup must be placed in the centre of the dish, or the paste would fall flat in the cooking.

"Full of life and activity."

As far as making up the pie goes, flaky pastry might be used in exactly the same way, but its preparation is quite different. For this crust take half a pound of flour, six ounces of butter (or three ounces of butter and three ounces of lard), and cold water. There is no baking powder required, and more butter may be used, but certainly not more than equal quantities of flour and butter.

Put the flour on a board, and rub up two ounces of butter into it, or use butter and lard mixed. Then mix it with cold water till very stiff, and roll it out in a long strip. Divide the rest of the butter in three equal parts, spread one part on the paste, fold it over in three, and roll it out again. Do this three times till the butter is used up, then give it one more roll, fold it up, and it is ready to roll out and use. If the weather is at all hot the paste must be put away in a cool place for a quarter of an hour between each roll. This is the reason why flaky pastry takes longer to make than short crust. The fruit tart as above will take one hour to bake, but a great variety of little tarts can be made of either of these pastes. There is no particular recipe for making them up, after the pastry is made. Any of the tarts exhibited in shop windows may be imitated. They generally need a sharp oven to bake them nicely.

MEN seldom improve when they have no other models than themselves to copy.—*Goldsmith.*

THE certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.—*Charron.*

GAINING AND DOING.—Everywhere in life, the true question is, not what we *gain* but what we *do*.—*Carlyle.*

ABOUT BOYS.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

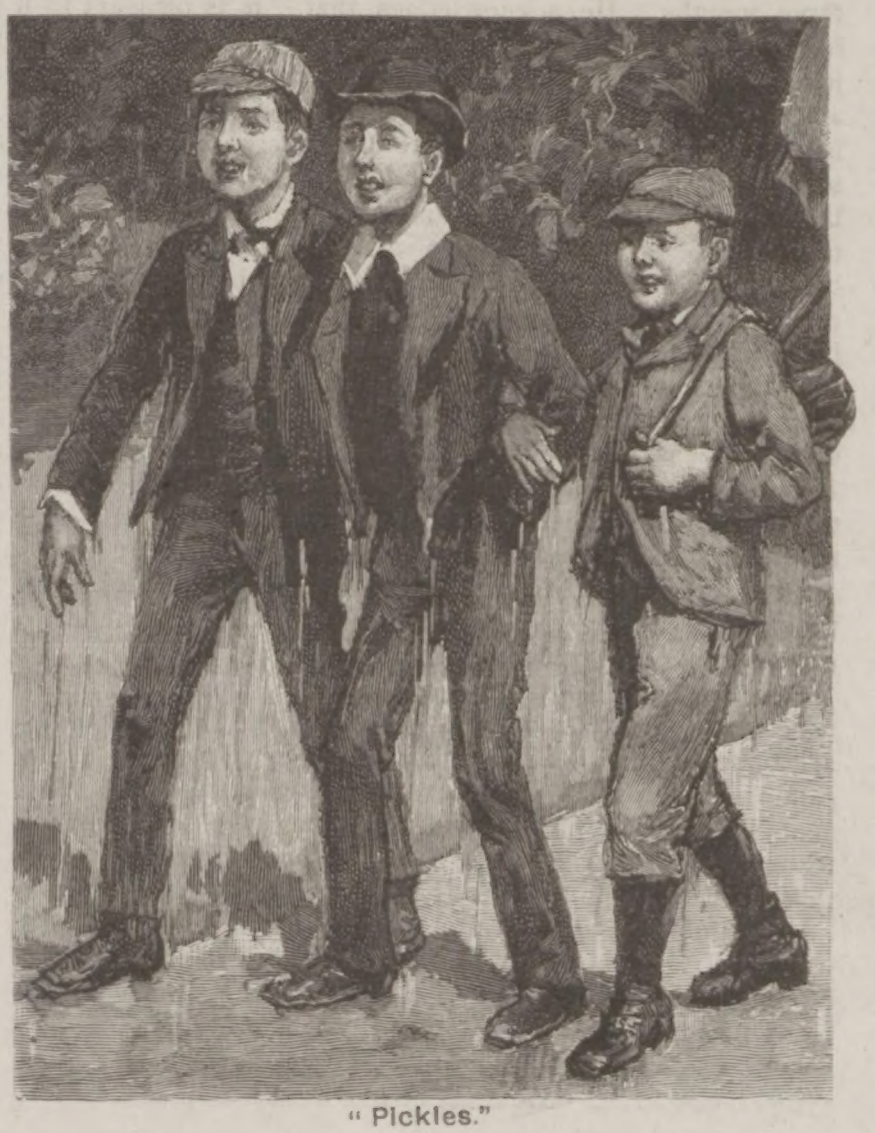
"THOSE tiresome boys! What will they be up to next? They are always in mischief!"

"Bless the boys! they don't do much harm. They are so active and full of spirits!"

Here are two views of boys—the unsympathising spinster's, who no more understands the lads than she comprehends the stars; and the other, the fond mother's, who in her great love for her boys would permit them to do almost anything.

Both views are too extreme; but both are common. Truth to tell, we sympathise far more with the latter than with the former. Nevertheless, all spinsters are not the natural foes of boys. Some maiden aunts, indeed, are both wise and loving, while others again are foolishly kind and unconsciously do their utmost to spoil the lads. There are some ladies, both married and unmarried, who seem the natural friends of boys, and fondly, indeed, are they loved by the little fellows in their turn. Nor are all mothers weak with their sons, but know how to mingle discipline with their love; still, there are the two views we have indicated.

No one can possibly understand the average English boy and judge him fairly who does not recognise that he ought to be full of life and activity and even high spirits; and that if suitable opportunities for exercising these gifts be not enjoyed, it is only natural that they may break out in unsatisfactory forms called mischief. Of course there are real faults, and there may be much



"Pickles."

"A story will keep him quiet for hours."

to condemn in some lads; but the point we seek to establish is that much of the so-called tiresomeness and mischief of boys is really only their natural activity breaking out in unsuitable ways, possibly because better forms have been denied them. In the recognition of this fact the mother is undoubtedly right, but she errs when she allows her love to lead her to pet the boys too much and permits them to carry their heedless activities too far. Many of the faults of men are to be traced in their beginning to the thoughtless over-petting of boys by their mothers. And in this view we are supported by no less a writer than the late Mrs. Craik, who, if we remember aright, in an article on women, has some suggestive sentences to the same effect. But firmness with kindness would check much of the "tiresome mischief" of the average lad, if opportunity were given for the proper enjoyment of his activity.

No doubt some boys are troublesome at times. The other day "A Father," writing to a daily paper, complained of the extraordinarily long holidays now allowed to schoolboys. In many instances the total in the year amounts to three months. He acknowledges that "it is pleasant to have the lads around us . . . playing their practical jokes . . . making holes in the coal-house door with air-guns, and larking round generally. For a time it is all right." This gives a hint of the cry, "Those tiresome boys again." Well, in a quiet London house, with the limited space that most London houses afford, it is not to be wondered at if the boys' activities are cramped and break out in undesirable directions. But the lads should certainly not be permitted to perforate the useful if unbeautiful portal of the coal-house, or to rampage round the calm household till it is something like a bear garden. Here is certainly an instance in which firmness was needed with kindness. It looks as though this father allowed his boys to do exactly as they pleased one hour and then when they went too far desired to restrict them, perhaps unduly, the next. Such treatment—great licence one day and severe restriction the next—is not calculated to check the tiresomeness of active lads; in fact, it is an almost certain method of making them tiresome.

Then, again, boys differ so much among themselves that wise discrimination is needed. There is the slow boy and his opposite the headlong, heedless boy; there is the cautious, careful lad who never endures a speck on his neat clothes, and his antipodes the harum-scarum fellow whose dress never seems to last long and is generally untidy. There is the lad who is always getting into the wars—cuts and bruises of various kinds adorn his face and hands; if he is not falling from a tree he is tumbling off a bicycle, getting kicked at football, or kissing the cricket ball with his eye.

"How he lives through it I cannot think," exclaims an unsympathetic adult. "He must be like a cat with nine lives!"

Yet the probability is that, rightly trained, this reckless youth may become an active, energetic and most useful man. Then there is the bookish boy, and one whom a story of adventure will keep quiet for hours; and the restless-fingered lad who is always fidgeting about to make something, but perhaps lacks the perseverance necessary to overcome all difficulties and finish it. His room is littered with half-made clocks, and mute, lifeless parts of engines, that want the right touch to put them together, to fill them with life-like steam and send them off on their mad career! And then there is the mean-spirited, cowardly boy, and his opposite the brave and generous lad—generous to a fault. And the sensitive little soul whom a harsh flogging might spoil for life, and his contrast the bold, brazen-faced youth, who, rightly treated, may yet become a very useful and even estimable member of society.

The varieties are endless, and even in one family the differences are very great. Perhaps the majority are neither very strongly one thing nor the other, *i.e.*, they are neither very mean nor very generous, very bold nor very timid, very reckless nor very cautious, very weak nor very strong. But such as they are their differences call for discrimination, and it is these differences which render it difficult to lay down hard and fast rules as to training.

In the main, however, kindness tempered with firmness is a safe guide. The love of the father's and the mother's heart would generally lead them aright if that love were not allowed to degenerate into weakness, to over-petting, and to licence.

Still there are a few concrete points that may be noticed. There are self-reliance and self-control to be enforced. It seems almost trite to say that a boy should be taught to control passions and ill-tempers, to strengthen a weak will, to strive to be patient and persevering, not to cry out and whine at every little hurt or trouble, and to learn to rely upon himself and his own efforts.

It seems trite to say these things, yet how many mothers and fathers fail to inculcate them wisely at the right moment. The child gets what he whines for, whether good for him or not; a difficult lesson is excused, a display of passion is not punished, implicit obedience is not enforced, or perhaps there is great severity in these things one day, and utter laxity the next. Really it would seem sometimes that the only sound discipline some boys get is the training of school, of a well captained football field, or a cricket club.

Indeed, the healthy enjoyment of athletics, if not pushed too far, is an excellent means of inculcating self-control and pluck; and a wholesome participation in such manly sports is calculated to form a great safeguard against vicious pursuits.

Boys often suffer from the false idea that these are manly. Lads get the notion that it is fine to drink and gamble; and they contract bad habits that work them irretrievable ruin.

"Generally untidy."

Weakness of will, or even good natured feebleness may also cause much mischief.

All these are points to be considered in the education and training of boys. Locke, the philosopher, wrote long ago: "I think I may say that of all men we meet with, nine parts of ten are what they are, good or evil, useful or not, by their education." Greater testimony to the importance of education, in a few words, could not well be given.

Discriminating, therefore, between mere heedless activity and wilful bad conduct, and mingling firmness with kindness, parents should not find boys so tiresome or difficult to manage as some persons seem to imagine, especially if a right scope be given for their energies. Everyone interested in boys should read Thackeray's description of Pendennis in his great novel of that name. Thackeray was one of the few great writers who seemed to understand boys, and he knew what sensitiveness might lurk hidden under the most unpromising exterior. Real intelligence also may sometimes be masked or undeveloped. Sir Walter Scott is reported to have been a dull boy at school, and Mr. Spurgeon is said to have been shy, and almost morose as a little lad; Thackeray himself left Cambridge without taking his degree. Yet who would think of Scott as dull, Mr. Spurgeon as shy, or Thackeray as other than one of the great geniuses of our age? The truth is, we suspect that many adults do not understand boys, and do not seem to try to do so; some of them again wish to see them weak, sentimental prigs, and others leave them to run too wild. Both courses are to be deprecated. All those bright-faced, jolly little lads now kicking up their heels, and wearing out their boots in our playgrounds, cannot become famous, but each may grow into that honest man, who, to quote Pope, is the "noblest work of God."

OVERDOING OR UNDERDOING.

THE tendency of the present age is to overdo everything. From the exaltation of a social favourite to the fashion of a garment exaggeration is carried to the verge of caricature. No sooner does anything striking or new appear, than it is seized upon, worked this way and that, until the original is almost forgotten. This instinctive desire to carry everything to an extreme, thus demonstrated in material things, influences virtues and vices, especially of active, energetic characters, for, though it may sound almost heterodox, even a virtue can be overdone. Pride, firmness and independence are in many cases praiseworthy, yet if carried to excess they become condemnable. We may have "all the defects of our virtues."

No one can deny how important, how absolutely essential, method and punctuality are—especially to those who hold positions of authority. Yet there are people who manage through the exercise of these qualities to make, not only themselves, but those connected with them, thoroughly uncomfortable. They make certain rules and regulations, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, are unalterable, and any infringement is regarded as a personal affront. Women often err on this point, through considering housekeeping as an *end*, rather than a means to an end.

Perhaps most irritating are those who seem unable to avoid overdoing the rate at which they work or play. Whatever they undertake is pursued with the utmost speed, and in a spirit of excitement singularly exasperating to those of calmer mood. A recent writer has laid down as one of the essentials of good breeding—repose of manner, and, certainly, hurry is neither a graceful nor a gentle thing. It is trying to nerve and temper, and very fruitful of irritability as well as of ill-done work.

It is most difficult not to overdo or underdo in the matter of talking. To know when one has said enough and it is time to give another the opportunity of using his conversational powers, and also to know when it is time to relieve a talker and take the burden of the conversation upon one's self, are points not always easy to decide. The unreasonably silent person is quite as much a burden and distress to the company as the talkative. That we may avoid overdoing in talking it is necessary to cultivate the habit of sympathetic observation, and be quick to detect the signs of weariness good breeding compels our listeners to suppress.

To people of active and energetic character, with a streak of self confidence, the tendency to "overdo" attaches itself most strongly. They love to be at work, and too often allow the spirit of "work for work's sake" to take possession of them, and drive them as far as he pleases. They cannot endure to see anything done lazily or inefficiently. Though well aware that it is absurd, disagreeable, even wrong to take up other people's work, and thrust themselves into other people's places, they have not patience to stand by and see things badly done which they feel they could do much better. Adelaide Proctor in one of her beautiful poems gives it as the test of a great character whether or no he can stand by and see work done less well than he could have done it, and yet leave it in the inefficient, but rightful hands. There is much significance in the tribute Carlyle paid to his friend Charles Buller: "He did, unassisted, what he could do, and in his patience with much that could not by him be done let us grant there was something of the beautiful too." Such a patience is rare. We get into the rushing flood of social life and duties, and, once in, we grow to enjoy the rush and excitement so far as to have no desire for calmer waters.

Timid, indolent natures cannot comprehend this tendency to overdo, they err rather on the side of underdoing, and explain their remissness with excuses which, at first, do not seem altogether condemnable. "There are so many," they say, "who could do well what we might do amiss; what is done can't be undone; it is better to act slowly and with caution; haste and repentance so often are united." Yes, it is *easier* to leave undone what we might do amiss, and if we never perform, of course, we shall not be blamed for acting wrongly, but we *may* be blamed for not acting at all. The world, waiting for workers, lies all about us, and underdoing savours very much of laying up our talents in a napkin. Christianity and the ties of our common brotherhood forbid us to tread "the primrose path of dalliance," which leads to little that is honourable.

The only wisdom lies in choosing—what is most difficult—the golden mean. If we be energetic and active, let us curb our tendency to snatch more than our divinely appointed tasks; if our instinct is to shrink from the duties assigned to us, let us gather strength where hitherto we were weak, and do our share in the world's work efficiently.

ISABEL SUART ROBSON.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

Some of our readers will be pleased to see that we are giving the boys a turn this month. But all families are not the happy possessors of boys; we trust these will not feel slighted, but will introduce our magazine to their friends who have boys.

Fig. 13.

Fig. 14.

First of all we would advise our mothers not to make a little man of the two-and-a-half year old boy, by putting him into a suit of knickerbockers; of course, the size of the child will be some guide, but experience has taught us that little boys are more comfortable and easier to keep tidy in a frock and petticoats than in a suit.

The sailor suit, such as is shown in fig. 13, is very simple to make, as well as comfortable and healthy to wear. It is suitable for boys between the ages of four and ten, and is usually the style chosen for the first suit. Serge is the best material for every-day wear; in the summer-time a white blouse either of flannel or drill will serve for better occasions. The same pattern will do for a velveteen suit when the collar can be trimmed with a fancy braid. An anchor or other nautical design can be worked on the left sleeve in crewel silk.

The back of the blouse is made without a seam down the centre, and the fronts close with button and buttonholes. A piece of elastic about half an inch wide is run into the lower edge of the blouse to confine it at the waist.

Sailor jackets are not usually lined, but the collar and cuffs must either be made of double material or lined with Italian cloth. Little boys should not wear braces; it is much better to make a body and button the knickers to it. Then as to lining the knickers, it is always best to have a loose lining, which can be renewed when soiled; unbleached calico will answer for this purpose very well.

Fig. 14 shows a suit for a bigger boy, which includes a waistcoat as well as knickers and coat; we can supply trousers pattern instead of knickers, as shown in the illustration, when the design will do for a boy of twelve or thirteen years. It is always best to get material of good quality when buying for boys, and in the end it will be cheaper than flimsy stuff which costs less money in the first place. Plain materials show the dirt more quickly than well-mixed patterns, such as are made in Scotch tweeds. The knickerbockers belonging to a suit will always wear out first, one coat generally lasting as long as two pairs. It is therefore best while purchasing to get enough cloth for the second pair, as it is sometimes difficult to match the coat when the first pair are worn out. It will be found much easier to join and press the sloped seams first, especially in making cloth garments. Hence the inner seam of the knickerbocker leg will be stitched first and well pressed open with a hot iron.

Fig. 15. This pattern is suitable for a boy from six to ten years of age, and is one of the prettiest styles we have seen for a boy of this age. The jacket is laid in box pleats, one on either side of the seam down the centre of the back, and two on either side of the fronts, while the neck opens V-shape, and is finished with a sailor collar. The jacket is lined throughout with Italian cloth, and if a piece of tailor's canvas is placed between the lining and the cloth down the front, the jacket will set much better.

Fig. 16 shows a reefer coat, a very useful garment for spring and summer wear.

Our pattern is made in navy blue serge, trimmed with a double row of bright buttons. One yard of double width serge cloth will make this coat, and it can be lined throughout or merely faced.

We are often asked if it is worth while making boys' clothes. Our answer is, Yes, certainly. Cheap, ready-made suits never answer; the buttons will soon be coming off, the seams undone, and the material and cut are as a rule anything but good.

Flannelette makes very good night shirts for boys' wear. It is very warm and washes easily, but will not wear as long as calico.

The nicest material for a day shirt is what is called Indian shirting. It is made in very good patterns, and has a sort of linen finish which does not catch the dirt as easily as rougher surfaces.

We can supply our readers with paper patterns of boys' day or night shirts, 4½d. each; also sailor collar and flannel front, 4½d. the two.

Flat patterns of suits, Figs. 13, 14, 15 and 16, 6½d. each, post free.—Address, "M.C." Pattern, 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Fig. 15.

Fig. 16.